



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

MAY 1970





TRYING new mount in India is Major Eric Padley, Pasadena, Calif., a member of the International Polo Team which defeated England at Meadowbrook, L.I., in 1930 and again at Hurlington, England in 1936. While on duty with the USAAF under Maj. Gen. George E. Stratemeyer in CBI, he had the opportunity to play with the well-known Indian players, including the Maharaja of Jaipur. This U.S. Air Force photo was taken while he was serving as executive officer of the Chinese and American Replacement Training Unit of the CBI Training Command.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

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Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover picture**, a U.S. Air Force photo, shows women of the Pieh Tribe who lived in the area between Lungling and Hangshih, China, where General Claire L. Chennault's 14th cooperated with Chinese ground forces in clearing Mangshih to open the Burma Road as an overland supply route to China. Married women wore black, turban-style hats, as in picture, to indicate married status. They favored bright and orange colors for dresses.

● **Times change!** For proof, consider this reader's letter in The Statesman of Calcutta and New Delhi, written by one Ripin Borgohain of Dibrugarh: "Yesterday morning, a beggar into whose hands I had put a five paise coin, flung it away in disgust. I at once realized I was living behind the times. The beggar was a woman—of the older generation—but she was obviously more up to date than I was."

● **Additional proof of change**, also from The Statesman, is the word that Delhi has been attempting to "beautify" the Red Fort by painting the lovely sandstone = ghastly red. To make matters worse, the paint and brush men were busy painting white lines—not very straight either—on the red painted walls. We can see generations of Mughul emperors turning over in their graves!

● **Tell others** you are a CBler! Now you can get decals for your car, or for other uses. Ex-CBI Roundup can fill your orders at 10c each, three for a quarter.

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Seagrave Hospital

● You will be interested in the enclosed clipping about the establishment of a Seagrave Hospital in Korea. The tragedy is that the present Burma Government would not allow it to be built in Burma where the Seagrave family served four generations as Baptist missionaries. As I have written you previously, the Burma Government persecution of Dr. Seagrave started in 1950 when he was arrested, hauled down to Rangoon, imprisoned in the Central Jail, with the American Ambassador David M. Key (a Harvard man) refusing to help him. With the aid of local lawyers won three acquittals of trumped-up government charges against him. He returned to Namkham to continue his work until he died in 1965. I happened to be in the American Embassy, Rangoon, 1948-49 so am quite familiar with the story. The Burma Government's anti-foreign attitude continues until this day.

ROBERT L. CLIFFORD,
Princeton, N.J.



MASCOT better known as "Maggie" poses with Johnny Patoukas, Curtiss tech rep, at Dinjan. Photo by Joe Burkard.



WHEREVER Americans stopped their jeeps in Chinese villages during the war, crowds gathered to see them. Here are members of the 21st Photo Recon Squadron in the center of an admiring group. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

Walter J. O'Donnell

• Walter J. O'Donnell, 46, an electronics executive, died March 26, 1970, at Woodbury, L.I. A New York City native, he was a graduate of Fordham University and also attended Iona College. During World War II he served in the Army in the CBI Theater. For the last seven years he had been president of Vero Electronics at Farmingdale. His wife and three children survive.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Walter Pytlowany, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.)

Still Enjoyed

• Ex-CBI Roundup is still received and read with enthusiasm as it was when our first issue was received back in 1949. I thoroughly enjoy all the items, and especially the Commander's Message. Greetings to all CBIers, and to Roundup.

CATHRYN FENAJA,
St. Louis, Mo.

College Head

• The Rev. Paul G. Elbrecht, who has served as president of Alabama Lutheran Academy and College

at Selma since 1966, has accepted the call to become president of Concordia Lutheran College at Austin, Tex. During World War II he was with the 20th Air Force in India and the Mariana Islands.

(From an article in the Lutheran Witness Reporter, sent in by James W. Bowman, Littleton, Colo.)

Los Angeles Basha

• As Junior Vice Commander of this western region of the United States for the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, one of my duties is to contact CBIers in Southern California who haven't heard about our organization. We have bashes all over the country, and every year in August have a big get-together and reunion. This year the national reunion will be in Tulsa, Okla., August 5, 6, 7 and 8. If we can get enough members together in this area we want to start a basha in the Los Angeles area. For more information please contact me at 14530 E. Amar Road, Apt. G, LaPuente, Calif. 91744.

ART ANGSTENBERGER,
LaPuente, Calif.

308th Bomb Group

• Would like to say hello to all the ex-CBI men and women. I was with the 308th Bomb Group—374th Bomb Squadron—stationed at Chenkung, China. Would appreciate a letter from any of the old gang.

ROLAND C. SPERRY,
373 S. Hoover St.,
Apt. No. 308,
Los Angeles, Ca. 90005



LANDMARK at Karachi Air Base, the huge balloon hangar was 260 feet high, 800 feet long and 200 feet wide. Photo by Henry A. Piorkowski.

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STANDING before the hospital of Dr. Gordon Seagrave at Namkham, Burma, is 1st Sgt. Richard Terry of 172nd General Hospital. Photo by Furman H. Tyner, M.D.

Across Barbed Wire

• Like many ex-CBIers, I suppose, I've lost touch with virtually all of my wartime associates. And, unhappily, China is forbidden territory to Americans. Occasionally, when in Hongkong, I go out to the border and look across the barbed wire at some unfriendly Chinese sentry in the distance, and wonder when it will change.

WM. W. LOCKWOOD,
Princeton, N.J.

the Horse Cave, Ky., State Bank. A native of Indiana, where he began his banking career in 1940 at the age of 22, he served during World War II in CBI Theater headquarters finance department, first at New Delhi and later at Hastings Mill in Calcutta. He was active in civic affairs in Kentucky. Survivors include his wife, the former Marjorie Denny, three sons and a daughter.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by Robert V. Antenne, Rice Lake, Wis.)

69th General

• Served with 69th General Hospital in Assam during 1944 and 1945. I am still in the Reserves, being Chief of Radiology in the General Hospital which meets at Fitzsimmons General Hospital. My wife and I were visiting Carmel, Calif., last week. CBI Veteran Nurse Captain Nancy Probasco (U.S.A. Retired) called her friend, Mrs. Stilwell, and we had a delightful lunch with the General's widow. She is past 80, very spry, and busily writing a book about General Stilwell.

GERALD S. MARESH, M.D.,
Englewood, Colo.

Paul G. Austin

• Death came recently after a short illness to Paul G. Austin, 51, president of



RICEFIELDS in Kunming, China, area with farm buildings in background. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

14th Air Force

• Flying Tigers of the 14th Air Force Association, Inc., is entering its 27th year as an unique and sort of "last man" social group with over 1,000 membership. Anyone who served in China with the American Volunteer Group (AVG), China Air Task Force (CATF), and/or the 14th Air Force, between Dec. 20, 1941, and Dec. 15, 1945, men and women, are eligible for membership. Also civilians who were assigned and attached thereto may apply. Write me at 9 Interstate St., Suffern, N.Y. 10901 for literature describing our activities and publications.

MILTON KLEIN,
Suffern, N.Y.

704 AAA Btry.

• Would appreciate any information you may have on the 704th AAA (M.G.) Btry. (Airborne), stationed at Sookeerating from 1942 to ?. I was supply sergeant from activation at Fort Bliss, Texas, until I was returned to the States in September 1943. Would like to hear from former members, or visits from same at any time.

CHARLES M. GRAY,
101 Susquehanna Ave.,
Barnesboro, Pa. 15714

Lashio to Kunming, 1941

By MAJOR JOHN E. AUSLAND

(*EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third and final installment of a story about a trip on the Burma Road, made just before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. It has been published in six sections, two in each issue; a map of the area covered appeared with the first installment in March. The author, known by many readers from previous articles as the "Old Gray Major", now lives in Palo Alto, Calif. His companion on the Lashio-to-Kunming journey, Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, died in Hong Kong on August 28, 1969, and was buried in Taiwan.*)

Have You Ever Been Out of This Valley?

Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1941

So as to go over the third hundred miles of railway construction in China we headed south. The chauffeur and Dr. Tseng's houseboy were in the front seat of the Buick sedan, while Dr. Tseng and I sat in the back seat. For a while we drove on the completed railroad grade, then switched to a construction road cut into the side of the mountain, which was sometimes close to the river, and at other times away above it. And this being the dry season, we at times drove down in the river itself.

The towns were not very big, and while these villagers had seen planes go overhead for 15 years, being in a valley where there had been no roads, they



COMPLETED bridge piers south of Mitu, China. Each stone is hewed to shape by man with chisel in one hand and hammer in the other.

had never before seen an automobile. As we approached, some would laugh, some would cry, some would run toward us, and some would run away. One poor old lady almost fell over a hundred foot cliff trying to get out of the way of our devil wagon. Coming around a curve one only lady got so excited she fell down, and we almost ran over her.

Going up a long steep mountain the engine began to boil, so we left the car with the chauffeur to cool off, while Dr. Tseng and I walked ahead up the road. Around a few curves and we saw three Chinese ladies squatting on their haunches up on the bank, looking wildly down in the direction from which we had just come.

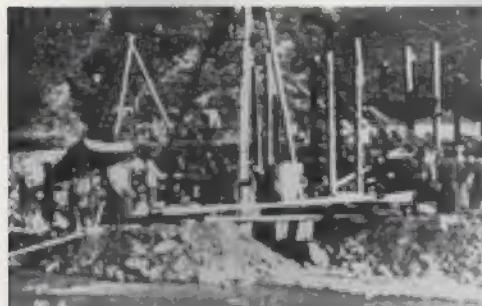
"What's the matter?" asked Dr. Tseng.
"Something is coming," they replied.

"It's only our automobile. It won't hurt you," said Dr. Tseng.

But they remained unconvinced, and when our Buick came roaring around the curve in low gear, the three gals took off over the hill.

Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1941.

But while cars scared them, these people were not afraid of work. Starting on October 10th, on these 85 miles, they had moved almost two million cubic yards of dirt, there being no rock in this area. When you see them put their baskets down and see them filling them by scraping the dirt in, then lift them on a stick across the shoulder, you would swear they wouldn't get much accomplished,



PILE DRIVING operation 56 kilometers south of Mitu, China. Two dozen men pull on ropes raising the hammer to the top of derrick, then let it drop on pile.

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but everybody working, a little at a time, it all gets done.

And when you see how small some of them are, and how unwell many look, with bad eyes, bad colds, large goiters, it's, well, it's amazing! These are the men and women and kids working building the road and railroad. There are kids and people in these towns as clean and healthy looking as anyone anywhere.

The telegraph line had been completed before the road, and so the natives at Kunglang knew we were coming, and all were at the edge of town to meet us, with a big sign, "WELCOME" stretched across the road. First in line were the 18 engineers that had headquarters here. Next in line were the City Fathers, the chief of which was an old patriarch who looked to me like he might be 100, but Dr. Tseng assured me he was only 66.

As Dr. Tseng shook hands with the old man he asked him, "Have you ever been out of this valley?"

"No," replied the old man, "but my ancestors have."

In that valley, so remote from the world, if a man got out of it, and into the rest of China, and got back again, it was something that he passed on from generation to generation.

Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1941

We had dinner with the 18 engineers and talked far into the night, but bye and bye bedtime came and I was shown to my room. In it were four straight-backed chairs, such as you have in your kitchen. Two were set against one wall, and two against another. One of the engineers took the door to my room off the hinges and laid it in those four



CITY FATHER (left) at Kungland, China, with engineers. "Have you ever been out of this valley?" "No, but my ancestors have."

MAY, 1970



WORKMEN build railroad subgrade 40 kilometers south of Mitu, China.

chairs. It looked a little like a bed, and I slept on it.

While a great many of the engineers serving in Lashio and on the first hundred miles of railway construction in China speak good English, due to being in an area where they might meet Americans and British, as do many at GHQ at Mitu, whose duties take them places, not one of these 18 engineers at Kunglang spoke a word of English, nor did they need to; the number of English-speaking people they are likely to meet here are few and far between.

Cactus grows wild here, even on the roofs of houses, and the crows are just as black as ours, and bigger, and sit up like penguins.

The endless mountains of Yunnan, and graves everywhere, with stones as markers, and they have apparently been burying and revering here a long time. But on pleasanter subjects, Dr. Tseng smiled and said today, "I like this vitamin D that I get from the sun, but I'm afraid I'll get my face sunburst." And while he was just kidding, in my case it's so. Being blond, too much sun cracks my skin so that it's really a sunburst.

Sunday, Nov. 30, 1941.

It had rained most of the night, and the dirt and gravel streets were washed clean and fresh, and I felt rested, even with only 4½ hours of sleep.

Outside, a husky Chinese husband arranged two big boxes on ropes, and suspended them from a stick, then put his shoulder under it and lifted. It was not too heavy, and properly balanced, so he called to his wife, who took his place, and while she swung along carrying the load, he walked behind her to see to it that the boxes were not handled too roughly. Lucky woman.

We drove up to Lake Tali, where we



DIRECTOR-GENERAL, Dr. Tseng Yang-fu (left), meets with railroad construction engineers at Nanchien, China.

parked and walked around town in the sun and rain, and watched a wonderful rainbow over the lake, arriving back at the bank at Hsai Kwan at noon, where K. S. Yang, the assistant manager, was waiting for us. He led us down the street and through a little door in a board fence. Inside were stone walls and pagodas on each side of the path, with a half dozen soldiers on guard.

In the house we met the banker, Mr. C. Yuan, who introduced us to two of his uncles, one of whom looked much like Kaiser Wilhelm, of all things. This was the real China, and a dozen or more dishes were served. Dr. Tseng knows I can't stand the variety, so he asked them all to wait until I had helped myself, and with a bowl of soup, a pork chop, and some fried chicken, I did very well, after which all turned to. And anyone who thinks of the Chinese as glum and wordless, should be here.

At 2:30 all walked with us to the bank, where we shook hands all around, then we drove on to Mitu, (pronounced Me Too) which is the General Headquarters of the Yunnan-Burma Railway.

So ends the month.

Monday, Dec. 1, 1941.

We started the week the way they do every Monday at the General Headquarters of the Yunnan-Burma Railway, with the senior officer present reading some of the catechism out of the life of Sun Yat Sen. In this case Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, the Director General, did the honors, and the entire office force listened as if they had never heard it before. Later one of them told me they all found this very boring. But Dr. Tseng followed this talk about the war in general, and about our drive up the Burma Road, as few of them had ever made it, they found this most interesting. I think I'd rather

hear about it next time, rather than travel it.

In the afternoon we reviewed the Yunnan-Burma Railway police force, commanded by a retired Chinese general. The officers wore leather boots, the non-coms wore tennis shoes, and the men wore grass sandals which they made themselves. Rank has its privileges here, too.

Then we drove south a couple of kilometers to look at some houses which were not quite complete. One was to be used for Dr. Tseng's family. He would send to Chungking for them when ready. Another house, with a tennis court and swimming pool would be a guest house for fellows like me, who come around now and then. The hot springs that come out of the hillside interested me more than the pool and court.

Thursday, Dec. 4, 1941

Yesterday we drove 85 miles from Kungland to Mitu, and today the 256 miles from Mitu to Kunming. Our trip over the roads and railroad was complete. We had helped the engineers solve their difficulties where they were behind schedule, and praised them where they were up to standard. Dr. Tseng is highly pleased with the results of the work so far.

I mentioned to him how denuded of trees China seemed to be, and he admitted that it was; and that a lot of ties would be needed for the railroad, now and after the war. So I told him about the CCC camps, where out-of-work men in the U.S. during the depression planted trees. He said he had never heard of such a thing, but it seemed like a good idea, and after the war he would talk to the Generalissimo about it. If the Chinese voted in our elections, they would have heard plenty about our tree army.

In my room at the Hotel du Commerce in Kunming the mattress was lumpy,



RAILROAD workers south of Mitu inspect an automobile, the first they had ever seen.

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one being where my shoulder ought to be, so I moved down in bed and used that lump for a pillow.

Due to the Japanese holding French Indo-China, the railroad that runs from Kunming to Hanoi and Haiphong is cut about at the border, several hundred miles from Kunming, and yet French influence extends to here, and not just in the name of the hotel.

Looking Back

There are tigers in India, and because some of them don't know where the border is, some come to China. They are afraid of the water buffalo, with their long sharp horns. But some of the kids like to ride the water buffalo, which is usually safe enough, but sometimes the beast swings his head around, and puts a horn through the kid's stomach, and the kid dies. But it doesn't happen often, so it's considered safe. At least it's safer than playing out after dark and getting bitten by a malaria mosquito, but that too is one of the normal risks of living in China.

P. C. Liang runs the railway's truck repair yard at Paoshan. He graduated from Purdue as a mechanical engineer, and worked for Chrysler in Detroit before coming back here.

Joe Young, also a graduate of U. S. colleges, told me that China went along for thousands of years ignoring, and looking down on the rest of the world. While they didn't progress very much, they felt the rest of the world would never pass them. They had a superiority complex. Not only had they invented gunpowder, but they had vegetable oil for lighting while the rest of the world had only wood fires and whale oil. Then came kerosene, and the Chinese realized that the rest of the world wasn't standing still, having developed a better light than theirs. So the superiority complex was



THE AUTHOR, Major John E. Ausland, relaxes at Hotel du Commerce in Kunming, China.

replaced by an inferiority complex. Oil for the lamps of China.

Friday, Dec. 5, 1941

Mr. Y. F. Lu gave a luncheon for Dr. Tseng, P. C. Chen, Shinghai Kung, Ding An, K. F. Wong, N. Q. Wu and me. Mr. Wu was born in China but went to the US as a kid, going all the way through college there, then becoming the secretary to the Chinese ambassador in Washington, Wu Ting Fang.

This lunch was not given in a hotel or restaurant, but upstairs in a very ratty looking joint, to which we got by climbing a ladder, about like getting up into a hay-mow. The food was excellent, and when I asked how such a place could serve such good food, they said that Mr. Lu had once been the mayor of Kunming, and being a good friend of the Chief of Police, had borrowed his cook for the occasion; and he really could cook.

In the evening Dr. Tseng, Mr. Lu, Mr. Wu and I went to the movies, seeing Gulliver's Travels, Grant Rice on dogs, a Paramount news reel, and a Popeye cartoon.

After dinner at the hotel I visited with Major James Wilson and Mr. Lucado until midnight. They said that on their journey down the Burma Road in September they saw a truck roll over the bank and down about two hundred feet. They crawled down and took two hours getting the driver out by cutting him out of the cab, and with his broken leg brought him up to the road.

As luck would have it, an American Red Cross ambulance enroute to China came along just then. They stopped it, and found it full of five gallon tins of gasoline. They unloaded this, stacking the tins neatly along the road, put the



SCENE from window of Hotel du Commerce in Kunming, China, on December 6, 1941.

injured man in the ambulance; all the while the driver yowling at the injustice of him having to leave his valuable cargo.

Having done their boy scout duty, Wilson and Lucado headed for Burma, and the ambulance started slowly for China. But as soon as they were out of sight, the ambulance stopped, laid the injured man along the road, broken leg and all, and went back for his gasoline, which was needed much more in China than a man with a broken leg.

Later they were told by a man who saw it all, that eventually a truck stopped and loaded the man on top of his gasoline drums, and gave him a rough ride to the next town. And when the ambulance reached its destination and unloaded the gasoline, it probably stood idle, or was taken over by some Chinese family for living quarters. And who, not having lived in China, would understand?

People here don't ride ambulances. If there was anyplace to take them, there probably wouldn't be any doctors or medicine, and so when people get sick they usually get well or die unattended. Ambulances here are good intentions, but not very useful without gasoline to run them, doctors, medicine, and operating tables.

Chiang's War Saturday, Dec. 6, 1941

At the Kunming airport I met Col. Southerland, who was going to drive the Burma Road south to Lashio, and Major Frank D. Merrill (later to command Merrill's Mauauders) who was taking the plane to Rangoon. We boarded at 3 p.m. I got off at Lashio at 5:45 and went back to the C.N.A.C. Hostel.

The Chinese system of conscription doesn't work quite like ours. But like ours, each province has to furnish a proportionate number of men for the army, unless enough volunteers are secured from that area. The chiefs make great speeches about the gloriousness of shouldering a gun and fighting for China, and the 15, the 16 and the 17 year-old boys listen, and believe it.

It's all very legal. The governors and local chiefs are not a bit interested in Chiang Kai-shek's war with the Japanese. They want their young men at home, working, raising families, and, above all, paying taxes, and so are happy to have the boys who are too young to have economic worth go to Chiang's war and fight Japanese mechanized columns with a bayonet.

This is because when artillery and tanks are assigned to a Chinese general it becomes his personal property; not officially, but it might as well be. If his ordnance is needed elsewhere, it doesn't go, unless he and his army go with it.

If his artillery and tanks are captured, he can't get any more to replace them, so he parades his ordnance past his army to show the men how well equipped they are. If the enemy is held he might let the big guns fire a few shots. But if the enemy is advancing he starts the artillery and tanks for the rear as fast as they can go, so as not to be captured, leaving his infantry to fight as best they can. If he loses every man in his division he can get new ones, but if he loses his artillery and tanks, that's the end of them.

When a province is invaded a governor will complain bitterly about the Generalissimo being unable to keep the invader out. They never mention that this is no war for kids in men's clothing, which is all the governors furnished him. But when their own province is invaded they will turn out their provincial armies, and these older, better fed, better led, better equipped soldiers often perform better than the national armies.

Dr. Tseng is always boosting the Chinese armies, and I respect him for it. The kids that make it up, for the most part, are undoubtedly equal to kids of the same age, be they Japanese, British or American. The trouble is that the Japanese armies that these kids are fighting are older, more mature, and certainly better led.

And how do I know what the Japanese armies are? Major Merrill, who rode from Kunming to Lashio on today's plane, has just come to the American Military Mission to China from Japan, where for several years he had been a military attache. He had studied the Japanese army for years right on the ground, and some of his friends among the Japanese officers had told him that the next war the U.S. has will be with Japan, and, they said, "It won't be long now."

And I wonder how long. I didn't know it then, but I soon found out.

All of Us Are Safe!

Monday, Dec. 8, 1941.

Pearl Harbor was hit early on Sunday, December 7th, but being west of the International Date Line, it is December 8th here, and we got the radio news with this, our Monday breakfast. For 20 years we have known that our next war, if there was one, would be with Japan, and yet we were caught napping. Too much Saturday night at Honolulu, I presume, as there is most everywhere.

But back to the Yunnan-Burma Railway. We now have 150,000 men working on 335 miles of railway line. It was necessary to haul 150 tons of rice every day to feed them. 500 Chevy trucks went

from 150 to 200 miles a day to do this. To take the food and supplies from the truck road down to where the men were working, we had 11,000 pack animals.

700 tons of dynamite had been shipped over from the U.S. for shooting the tunnels. 7,000 tons of cement had been bought in Burma for cementing the stones that made the bridge piers. Countless thousands of tons of black powder were made out of charcoal and the minerals that the Chinese workmen took out of

the hills along the railway for shooting the rock in the cuts.

There are bombings all the way from Honolulu to Hongkong which is about a thousand miles from here. One of our officers wired Washington. "ALL OF US ARE SAFE. ADVISE OUR FAMILIES." I can't quarrel with that, and yet I can't help wondering what he will do if and when the war reaches Burma. Will it then be, "ALL OF US ARE UNSAFE. DON'T ADVISE OUR FAMILIES." □

Free China Takes Pride in Taiwan

For "old China hands," the beautiful island of Formosa, or Taiwan, is not China and never will be. But until mainland China, home to a quarter of all humanity, is free again, Taiwan with nearly 15 million enterprising and hospitable Chinese people is the next best thing.

Taiwan lies like a great tobacco leaf, or perhaps like a thin, tear-shaped pearl off the southeast coast of China, less than 100 miles from the city of Amoy. It is half the size of South Carolina and extremely mountainous. Most people speak the Amoy dialect.

Less than 25 per cent of the land is suitable for farming. From that the country not only feeds itself with three crops of rice a year but also exports rice, bananas, and such exotic vegetables as asparagus and mushrooms.

Geographically, the Tropic of Cancer slices Taiwan in two, so that half the island is in the tropic and half in the temperate zone, National Geographic points out. Most of Taiwan, however, is green and warm throughout the year except in the high mountains where is snow.

The people of Nationalist China delight in showing off their country. Visitors sense the pride they take in what has been done in barely 20 years. Chiang Kai-shek and his government, along with half a million soldiers and more than a million mainland Chinese civilians, fled to Formosa in 1949. They found a shambles—from incompetent government, war devastation, and the effects of more than half a century of Japanese rule.

With characteristic Chinese enterprise and with enormous financial help from the United States—now no longer needed—both the Taiwan-born and the immigrant Chinese set to work. In less than one generation the Free Chinese now farm the most productive land in all Asia, 90 percent owned by the farmers

themselves. Literacy, despite the complexity of the written language, also exceeds 90 per cent.

Industry burgeons—ship building, steel making, furniture, farm machinery, plastics, electronics. From one of the lowest standards of living in the world, the Free Chinese now enjoy one of the highest in the Western Pacific. Only Japan and Hong Kong have greater per capita incomes.

Things of the spirit are equally matters of pride in Free China. The National Palace Museum, at the foot of Grass Mountain outside Taipei, contains the world's greatest assemblage of Chinese art.

The collection of more than 300,000 items includes great paintings from the Tang, Sung, Waring States, and Ming dynasties, exquisite Sung porcelains, fabulous jades, bronzes, tapestries, calligraphies, lacquerware, enamelware, embroideries, sculptures, and carvings. The exhibits span 5,000 years of Chinese art.

Natural attractions of the island republic include the incomparably beautiful Sun Moon Lake at an elevation of 2,500 feet near the city of Taichung, and the Taroko Gorge in eastern Taiwan. Its marble walls, though not as high, have been compared in beauty to those of the Grand Canyon.

Thanks to President Richard M. Nixon, Taiwan is easy to reach. In awarding Pacific air routes, the President put Taiwan's capital city, Taipei, on TWA'S prime round-the-world route, thus obviating back tracking from Hong Kong. Now Taiwan is an overnight flight from the West Coast. □

CBI REUNION IN TULSA
AUGUST 5-8, 1970

New Seagrave Hospital Dedicated

By HOWARD A. RUSK, M.D.
From the New York Times

A dream came true recently in North Cholla Province, South Korea, when the Gordon S. Seagrave Memorial Hospital was dedicated.

It was a "Cinderella-like" dream to the fishermen and peasants of this impoverished province 100 miles south of Seoul. It was fulfillment for the long-time supporters and admirers of the late Dr. Seagrave, the famous, crochety and dedicated "Burma Surgeon."

When the current neutralist government of Burma came into power a decade ago, one of its first acts was to close the programs of all of the voluntary agencies in Burma. There was one exception—the hospital that Dr. Seagrave had directed for more than 41 years in the hills of Namkham. Dr. Seagrave was too powerful and much too beloved by the Burmese people for the Government to close his institution and banish him from Burma.

After Dr. Seagrave died, however, in March, 1965, the hospital was immediately nationalized and the American staff ordered out of the country. His friends in the United States (American Medical Center for Burma) decided to build a rural hospital with a nursing school in his name somewhere in Asia. Korea was chosen as the site for this hospital, which would embody his ideals of medicine and teaching. The friends pooled their funds with The American-Korean Foundation and the program was started.

The path for a suitable location in Korea led very rapidly to Dr. Young Choon Lee, who founded the Institute for Rural Health in the tiny town of Kaejong, 100 miles southwest of Seoul, more than 30 years ago.

In an unusual and almost single-handed effort, aided by a handful of staunch associates, Dr. Lee's program succeeded in reducing infant and child mortality from 29 per cent in 1957 to presently less than 5 per cent. Public Health nurses, attached to the institute's traveling medical team, visited surrounding villages and held seminars on family planning. They called them "mothers' classes." In addition to birth control, these classes covered rural health, sanitation, maternity and child care.

In the area served by the institute's medical teams, the birth rate was 1.4 per cent in 1966, compared with 2.5 per cent for the rest of Korea—an enviable

accomplishment for any part of the world.

Despite primitive facilities and chronic insolvency, Dr. Lee's group treated two and a half million people through the years. Those who could paid hospital fees of 40 cents a visit or \$1.10 a day including surgery and drugs. More patients—peasant farmers and fisherman—paid nothing.

The new, 100-bed surgical and post-operative hospital will serve as a model for rural health programs throughout the underdeveloped world, culminating the efforts of many groups.

The United States Agency for International Development assisted with a grant to acquire \$150,000 worth of excess hospital supplies and equipment and \$20,000 more for the purchase of windows, doors and other building necessities. The people of the United States, through their contributions to the American-Korean Foundation, provided the basic funds. American pharmaceutical manufacturers supplied needed drugs.

A new voluntary agency, representing leaders in Korean medical and public health and the American-Korean Foundation, is being established to operate the hospital. A team of highly qualified Korean physicians, nurses and supporting personnel has been organized and has been working efficiently in the old, dilapidated hospital awaiting last Thursday's opening.

Adjacent to the hospital is the magnificent, new 120-bed foundling home contributed by Mrs. Lucy G. Moses of New York. The Lucy G. Moses Home provides care for abandoned and orphaned children for the entire province and also serves as a demonstration laboratory and teaching facility for childcare workers.

These are but two components in the Institute for Rural Health, which has a 60-bed outlying clinic, a three-year school of nursing, a junior and senior high school with 54 girls, and a group of medical health teams that regularly visit the farthest districts to supply medical care and health instruction for nearly 800,000 persons.

The next stage in the further development of the institute will be an effort to rebuild the student nursing quarters, which were destroyed by fire in 1968. Even before the fire the nurses quarters were unbelievably primitive. There was no heat in the building and the temperature in the winter often went close to zero. There was no hot water and no modern toilet facilities. Since the fire, the 120 student nurses have been eating

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New Seagrave Hospital Dedicated

and sleeping in classrooms, tents and Quonset huts near the complex.

On the first day of its operation, following dedication, the Seagrave Hospital began meeting the dreams of its planners to be a first-rate institution and to develop new ways of treating the ailments of the indigent through an outstanding medical health and child care.

The ultimate plan for the Seagrave Hospital and the public health services in Korea is to make this a model rural health program for teaching physicians, medical students, public health nurses and other health personnel the fundamentals necessary to provide adequate health care in isolated areas of the entire country.

It is also hoped that eventually this may be developed into an international

rural health training center for this part of the world. Rural health problems are not limited to Korea. This is a world problem.

The late Gordon Seagrave became a legend in his life time as the most famous of the American overseas medical missionaries. Working in the remotest part of North Burma, only a stone's throw from Communist China, he gave 40 years of his life to the heritage of modern medicine's development of friendship for America through medical assistance.

The memorial is a fitting tribute not only to a great man but also to the humanity and compassion of the American people who made possible both his program in Burma and this monument to his belief in Korea. □



From The Statesman

JALPAIGURI—A clash between refugees stated to be CPI (M) supporters and tribals at the Utter Sibakta village in the Alipurduar area resulted in six refugees being injured seriously by arrows. According to reports the refugees allegedly built huts on paddy land claimed to be a vested plot. The owner of the land along with about 200 tribals armed with bows and arrows dismantled the huts and also shot arrows at the refugees.

GAUHATI—A 24 hour curfew was clamped on Namrup in Upper Assam following clashes, between two groups of people, in which one person was killed and 31 others injured. A number of houses had been set on fire and a few shops looted. The trouble started after a scooterist was reportedly beaten to death and a restaurant set ablaze by a group of trainees of the Fertilizer Corporation of India. Why the motor cyclist was assaulted could not be ascertained.

CALCUTTA — "During the winter months the days are too short and the nights too long and cold for the pavement dwellers. Their life during these months is one long shiver with not enough to wear, seldom something hot enough to eat or drink, and the chill of the cement seeping through their thin rags, leaving them snuffling and coughing whether awake or asleep. The ones who have a chuli or an unan are lucky. Ones with a little initiative scrounge around

during the day for a broken packing case or anything with which to build a fire (a fire they will freely share) and get warm before they fall asleep swathed like corpses from head to foot. Those who sleep snug in their homes complain that this smoke is one of the reasons for turning the early morning mist into smog."—Indian Notebook

GORAKPHUR—Discussions are going on about improvements in the educational fields, but many problems still exist. For instance, in Uttar Pradesh and Rajasthan is the intermediate system, long abolished in other States. Delhi and certain other universities offer the Higher Secondary system, while Madras University has a completely different system. There, the eleven years of school in addition to the one-year Pre-University course precedes the three year Degree Course. A Madras University student cannot join the second year at Delhi University because in the former there are no public examinations at the end of the first year, while Delhi University has it in certain subjects. The student has either to lose a year or go back to the same university. This problem is no less difficult in school. Sometimes one board does not recognize another.

CALCUTTA—"If you can read this, you are too close", is a gimmick sticker probably started in the United States, but a number of Calcutta private cars bear the sticker. Stopping alongside a car with such a label a gentleman asked the driver, "But what can one do on roads where most of the time the only way you can drive is bumper-to-bumper, especially at rush hour?" The reply was an instant promise to get rid of the "blooming sticker".

When Ahmedabad Lost Its Bearings

From The Statesman

Driving into Ahmedabad city from Sabarmati station early in the morning can be quite a pleasant experience. Crossing the river one soon reaches the ashram itself and further down the tree-lined road the suburbs begin. This is an area of affluence like many others in the lovely city—big houses, gardens and parks, beautiful shop-fronts. This is the Ahmedabad one normally thinks of. This is the Ahmedabad one knows.

But once Ahmedabad loses its bearings as it did recently, one sees an entirely different face. Then the drive from Sabarmati is in a jeep, with armed guards. It is stopping at numerous places to show your curfew permit to tired grim-faced soldiers. Then there is no time to admire the gardens, the buildings or the flowers.

As we passed by the Sabarmati ashram, one of the guards pointed out a house across the road, and said "a mob tried to set it on fire". But for the timely intervention by some elderly ashramites, the mob would have succeeded. The house belongs to a 70-year-old Mr. Ghulam Rasoon, a Gandhian. While the mob failed to destroy the house at Sabarmati, another succeeded in burning down a residence of one of Mr. Quereshi's sons in the heart of the city.

Just outside Sabarmati station, the charred remains of a taxi and a scooter were mute reminders of the blind stupidity which gripped Ahmedabad for four long days and nights. In the city itself there were hundreds of such reminders.

There were burnt out shops and row upon row of gutted residence in chawls. In the more affluent areas the mob had been more selective. A shop here, a residence there was the target of their frenzy. Places of worship too had not escaped.

While the maximum damage to life and property, (unconfirmed reports place it at over 1,000 lives and loss to property at several crores) was done on Friday and Saturday sporadic cases of arson, looting and murder continued in the city.

There was a flare-up when curfew was first relaxed for three hours on September 24. Since then there has been no relaxation. While the situation improved in Ahmedabad—there was no alternative, as there was no question of anyone stirring out without a valid permit—it deteriorated in neighboring areas. Trains were held up. Many lost their lives and many more were injured.

Going round the city and speaking to responsible people it was obvious that they felt the incident which sparked off

the nightmare could have been prevented. They pointed out that this happened every year. It was, however, confined only to frayed tempers and an exchange of a few blows among street urchins.

As the incident was recalled by some of those present (who wished to remain anonymous), the trouble was seen to arise when a herd of cows rushed into a narrow lane, leading first to Peer Mahmud Shah-bukhari's durgah and then the Jagdish Temple, hardly a few yards away and knocked down some pilgrims who had collected in the lane in front of the durgah for the annual Urs.

Hardly half an hour earlier, another herd on its way back to the temple had passed the durgah without incident. The reason was that the durgah authorities, as always, had been informed of the cows' arrival and through a loudspeaker those in the lane had been warned to make way.

The durgah authorities claimed that when the second herd arrived, they were caught unawares and the cowherds, some of them sadhus, were not able to control the animals. Since a number of children had also been hurt seriously those in the crowd chased the cowherds to the temple where they live with about 350 sadhus in the temple premises.

The restive crowd had by now swelled and heated exchange soon gave way to an exchange of stones.

What has happened in Ahmedabad will take years to be forgotten. But to those who saw it happen, it will forever remain a ghastly nightmare. Though this reporter was not in Ahmedabad when the riots were at the height, he certainly got a taste of what it was like, a few hundred kilometres from Ahmedabad.

It was the night of September 22, shortly before 10 p.m. and the train had steamed out of Mehsana half an hour earlier. Near Katosan, a small wayside station, the train was stopped by a mob armed with lathis and swords. Being alone in the compartment, I thought it best to switch off the lights and then the fans as well. They made such a racket.

Soon the mob was all over. There were sounds of breaking glass, the loud thud of lathis on metal doors. And then the shrieks began, loud, imploring. Children woke up to a sad, shocking scene. It was hard to believe that all this was happening but a few yards away, to people whom you had spoken to less than a couple of hours ago at Mehsana.

Not able to bear the tension, I opened the window a bit. There was the glint

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of moonlight on a raised sword. Surprisingly, the features of the men involved in the life and death struggle were such that it was difficult to make out who was who.

There were children in the mob too. While their elders injured and killed, they ransacked the belongings of the victims. It seemed the terror would go on forever. But soon, there was the sound of whistles, unmistakably police whistles, accompanied by shots fired from muskets. Armed policemen reached the scene. More whistles and shots and the mob disappeared into the fields.

Then there was shocked silence as the

injured were taken away by the police. Silence and one hopes a sense of shame on the part of those who did nothing to prevent what happened.

The train moved, but in a few minutes came to a grinding halt again. It was the mob once again. The policemen, probably locals, seemed to make it a point to arrive only after the damage had been done. On inquiry from one of the men standing near the window as to why they did not accompany the train, the only answer I got was, "Keep your window down and your mouth shut if you do not want to get hurt." □

Taj-Ul-Masajid, an Unfulfilled Dream

From The Statesman

Like a lone sentinel splendid in all its isolated glory, away from the city's din and bustle, stands the beautiful "Taj-Ul-Masajid" one of the most outstanding landmarks of Bhopal.

As the evening sun sets on the distant Idgah hills, Taj-Ul-Masajid, forming a picturesque silhouette against a lemon sky, reminds passers-by of a story—the story of a Begum's unfulfilled dream, the story of Nawab Shahjehan Begum (1868-1901), great-grandmother of the present Nawab Begum of Bhopal and a great builder to whom modern Bhopal owes a great deal.

But this unfinished mosque, for Taj-Ul-Masajid was never completed, attracts hundreds of devout Muslims from all over the world every winter. At the foot of this great mosque, in the rugged open space, gather over 20,000 Muslims—men, women and children from all walks of life. They come from such far-away places as Afghanistan, Ceylon, Africa, West Asia and Turkey.

But Taj-Ul-Masajid does not cease to be a centre of activity with the conclusion of the annual Ijtema. It is the headquarters of the "Hidayat-Ul-Musalmiin," a religious body of Muslims in India which runs a residential school in its premises. Over 200 students sit cross-legged on the floor of the Mosque to undergo a rigorous five-year course in Arabic literature, the Holy Koran and Hadis. They are also taught Urdu, Hindi, Mathematics and History.

Bhopal is a city of mosques, most of them built by the impressive line of Begums who ruled the State. But for its sheer grandeur and majesty, none can beat the Taj-Ul-Masajid. Its builder Nawab Shahjehan Begum, who appears to have drawn inspiration from her name-

sake, the Moghul Emperor Shahjehan, created other landmarks for this lake-studded city which bear eloquent testimony to her artistic qualities and her religious fervour. Among these are "Taj Mahal", in the heart of the city, a massive hundred-room latticed building which she used as her palace and which now is being used by refugee families; the Be-Nazir building with its spacious Alimanzil garden, now a Government office; and the "Lal Kothi" the present Raj Bhavan.

But the most ambitious of them all is the Taj-Ul-Masajid. Shahjehan Begum wanted this to be the biggest mosque in Asia, but her dream remained unfulfilled. Why the mosque was never completed no one knows, but local legend has it that when the mosque was still under construction Shahjehan Begum had a dream in which she was warned by an angel not to complete the mosque. Next morning she is believed to have stopped further construction. But some say that her successors abandoned the work. But in her own lifetime Begum Shahjehan had spent over Rs 20 lakhs on the mosque.

Divided in two parts, for men and women, both wings artistically sculptured, costly Bhopal and Agra stones in their thousands were used for its construction, except for the arches which were made of exquisite marble. Carvings mark the main pillars and balustrade. Inscriptions on the arches and walls are in black marble against a splendid white background. Begum Shahjehan sought the advice of an Italian architect during the various stages of its construction.

Bhopal remembers Nawab Shahjehan Begum today only by a crowded, dinghy locality known as "Shahjenabad". But very few know that during her lifetime this illustrious ruler had achieved much.

Downtrend in Birth Rate Seen

Red China Curbs Population

By STEPHEN S. ROSENFELD
From the Des Moines Tribune

Communist China's population control programs are catching hold. In China, the claim is unasserted; abroad, it is unregistered in most quarters, and unaccepted or disputed in others. Evidence bearing on Chinese population matters is notoriously elusive and thin.

Yet, a leading specialist, Leo A. Orleans of the Library of Congress, writing in the latest issue of the scholarly journal "China Quarterly," states: "It is my guess that, after many years of trying, China has reached a point at which the various measures and developments in the field of fertility control are interacting in such a way as to cause a downward trend in the birth rate."

And in a complementary statistical study in the last 1969 issue of Hong Kong's "Current Scene," Orleans predicts: "The rate of natural increase should hover at 1.5 or 1.6 per cent during the next five years, producing a population of 800 million by 1975." China's current population, he estimates, is 746 million.

Today, the "anthill" image of China lingers. China is commonly pictured as waging a desperate food vs. people battle in which population programs must vie against peasant traditions, individual resistance to authority, and the Marxist predilections and national pride of a leadership reluctant to concede there can be such a thing as too many Chinese. The industrial and nuclear achievements Peking can display are usually understood as limited and as purchased at great cost.

Moreover, Mao's "Cultural Revolution" of the late 1960s is held responsible for disrupting, if not virtually derailing (as in the case of education), whatever promising lines of policy were advancing before.

So it is eye-opening to learn that someone of Orleans' standing—China-reared, well published, 15 years a China researcher—suspects that the largest nation in the world and the one with the most awing population burden is making important progress toward a goal as vital and unyielding as any we know.

Population control means not only limiting growth but handling growth in terms of resources, services and ideals. No non-industrial, non-urban country has yet come close.

It is interesting to place the Orleans projection of 1.5-1.6 per cent growth for Communist China against the 2.3 per cent current-growth record of Nationalist China, a country often cited by family-planning advocates as a successful model, at least in that its birth rate is falling. To be sure, so is its death rate, more than the mainland's. A second beckoning mark is the 2.6 per cent growth rate of India, a country often matched against Communist China in a test of Democratic and Communist capacities for development. (For a country of 500 million population, a difference of one per cent means, of course, an extra five million people in one year.)

The issue touches foreign policy intimately. Fears of Chinese expansionism often arise from the expectation that Peking, in need of further space to spread what has been called its "blanket of men," will push across its borders into either the empty spaces of Siberia or the rice regions of Southeast Asia.

Whether China is expansionist and whether, if it is, it would push those two areas are questions apart. Here it is enough to say that progress on population control could affect both its own thinking and foreigners' anxieties. There doubtless will someday be, as former Secretary of State Dean Rusk put it, "a billion Chinese on the mainland armed with nuclear weapons" (not each with his own, to be sure), but the prospect becomes somewhat less menacing if they are not all clambering for lebensraum.

To reach his conclusions, Orleans had to proceed, as any other researcher would, less by data than deduction. "It has been demonstrated," he argued, "that effective birth control measures cannot be successfully introduced to a population that is illiterate, poor and dejected." Well, the Communists have spread literacy wide. They have rendered China "poor but not indigent." And by political indoctrination they have "prevented the intense dejection and hopelessness that are so prevalent among many peoples of underdeveloped countries."

"The expanded public health system, with its increasing number of medical personnel, represents an ideal organizational structure for implementing fertility controls," Orleans stated. "This is especially true now that the regime is committed to expanding medical services in rural China by sending a large proportion

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of medical personnel to serve the country side." The workings of this public health network, as well as the increasing availability of effective contraceptives (intrauterine devices in particular) and the "apparent acceleration" of abortion and Chinese medical literature.

His methods, no less than his conclusions, will surely be challenged—by Chi-

na-watchers and by demographers—and they should be. That is the way to approach the truth. It would seem imperative, nonetheless, for countries and agencies concerned with population control to learn more of China's experience. Successful or not, relevant or not, it has got to tell us more than we know about planning for the future of man. □

CBI DATELINE

From The Statesman

MUZAFARPUR—A student is said to have committed suicide here because his father-in-law failed to give him a scooter, promised as dowry.

KRISHNAGAR—Seven suicides were reported on a single day from Karimpur and Tehatta in Sadar. The victims were brought to the Krishnagar Sadar Hospital. It was learned from hospital sources that as many as 358 people committed suicide by taking insecticide. Of them 227 were women. Domestic quarrels and poverty were said to be the causes for the suicides.

MADRAS—Nearly 43% of the approximately 2,100,000 population of Madras city live in slums. The city's population in 1961 when the latest census was taken was 1,720,000. The slum dwellers then were 412,000 or 23.8% of the total population. The slum increase during the past eight years is not confined to any particular part of the sprawling city, but is strewn all over and continues to crop up like mushrooms. The Government is considering the question of setting up a metropolitan planning organization.

CALCUTTA—"It is many years since the New Yorker prophesied that any two places in the world would soon be only two and a half hours apart; half an hour for the air flight, and an hour at each to get to and from the airport. Recent experience suggests, however, that intending travelers to Calcutta should add a further hour; the time taken after arrival at Dum Dum, to get your luggage."—Indian notebook.

UJJAIN—Five members of the family of an unemployed man were drowned in the river Kshipra. According to police, the father was a dismissed accountant of the Sarangpur Development Block in Shahapur. He arrived in Ujjain with his

wife, a son and three daughters. They went to a deserted spot on the river bank, tied themselves together and plunged into the water. While the others drowned, the father swam ashore and reported the tragedy to the police. He said he had failed to get a job and that his family had been starving. He was taken into custody.

NAGPUR—Peasants in Deoli village, 40 miles from Nagpur, dressed a female Varun, the god of rain, in a solemn ceremony. This evidently appeased the god for it rained on that very night. The villagers usually begin their sowing operations with the first monsoon showers. Since the monsoon was late, their plans were completely upset.

HYDERABAD—Curfew was imposed on Hyderabad and Secunderabad from 9:30 at night until 7 a.m. This came following a high level of violent incidents involving stone throwing and cases of arson. Several policemen received injuries as a result of stone-throwing. Shops were attacked and looted and in two shops furniture and other articles were set on fire. The disturbance was believed to be supported by the agitators for a separate Telengana state.

MIDNAPORE—An armed constable was killed and another seriously injured when a gang of dacoits fired on a van carrying cash for the Digri sanatorium and looted Rs 51,000. According to police the raiders used an Ambassador car for the operation. They also used both a Sten-gun and a Bren-gun. The superintendent of police thought the dacoits must have had previous information about the movement of the cash.

CALCUTTA—Train services on the Howrah-Kharagpur section of the S. E. Railway were disrupted for more than nine hours when seasonal labourers squatted on the tracks of Uluberia and Bhogpur stations. They were protesting being discharged. A spokesman for the railway said the demonstration was uncalled for because the railway had always employed seasonal labourers for a specific duration and as soon as the work was completed their services were dispensed with.

The "First" 1st Air Commandos

BY HOWARD CLAGER

Not many present young servicemen realize it, but there was a 1st Air Commando group before the present one. That was a quarter of a century ago and how well we veterans of CBI theater recall their derring-do. It seemed almost like a legend when we heard it then—our contemporaries, and proudly we remember and honor their courageous exploits.

In November, 1969, a reunion of the American and British "Chindit" officers was held in London. Some 250 former jungle fighters celebrated the 25th anniversary of their group. Chindit is a mispronunciation of Chintha, a grotesque mythical animal guarding Burmese temples.

Late in 1943, 523 original air commandos—all volunteers—left the United States for this nation's first venture into air commando operations.

The beards had to come off.

The colonel's orders were explicit. No equivocation. They were posted on the bulletin board.

"Not that I give a damn," the final paragraph read, "but they look like hell to the visiting brass."

These orders were not directed at any modern GI's who may relish the development and cultivation of chin foliage, but were the directions of the commander of the first 1st Air Commandos, more than 25 years ago in the jungles of India's Assam Valley. The commandos were preparing to invade Japanese occupied Burma.

At the Quebec Conference of August, 1943, Gen. "Hap" Arnold, commander of US Air Forces, had been impressed by Maj. Gen. Orde Wingate, the brilliant British jungle fighter. Wingate's Chindit Raiders, or Long Range Penetration Groups as they were officially named, had shown some success one year earlier in Burma guerilla operations. Penetrating deep into Burma on foot, with pack mules, the raiders had harassed the Japanese with hit and run operations.

Wingate's eye was now on an offensive planned for early 1944, but conservative military forces tried to brush him off as a long-shot risk. Arnold, however, an early believer in a coordinated war, proposed to support Wingate's idea of airlifting raiders relatively close to the 1944 ground objectives. This would save hardships of a long walk-in. Arnold would provide gliders and Air Force people to handle the airlift and airdrop supplies during the operation. That airmen would

see some combat was a virtual certainty. Aircraft would be lost, and they would also be among ground troops helping with the airlift and airdrops. A memorandum by Arnold activated the 1st Air Commandos by their first name, Project Nine.

Commander of the new 1st Air Commandos was Colonel Philip G. Cochran, the man cartoonist Milton Caniff made famous in his "Flip Corkin" comic strip. Cochran's job? Make an area called 'Broadway' a strip of bright lights in the jungle.

Cochran's commandos trained in the scant seven months before the airlift. With little help, and knowing they would face jungle fighting, they instinctively buddied up two by two in their training, one to move ahead and one to cover in the self-imposed drills. The Burma-bound bunch had 30 caliber, air-cooled infantry machineguns modified with home-built A-frames to hold the barrels four inches from the ground, much like a Browning Automatic Rifle.

Their aircraft reflected the diversity of missions contemplated in their strategy. They jockeyed 25 transports, 225 gliders, 100 L-1 and L-5 aircraft, as well as a lesser number of P-51 fighters and B-25 bombers. One of their helicopters subsequently became the first rotary craft to see action in combat.

By February, 1944, the stage was set. The air commandos first went into action in the air over Burma. In the crucial few days before the landing at Broadway, their P-51's and B-25's destroyed more than 100 Jap aircraft on the ground. Air superiority established, they hacked at enemy transportation and supply routes.

In March the commandos' first big combined operation began from sod strip at Hailakandi and Lalaghat, India. The 400-man force of air commandos, Army engineers, and Chindits headed deep into Burma. Over 8,000-foot mountains and miles of jungle, the double-tow glider force flew by moonlight only. Gliders carried miniature bulldozers and mules. These men were to seize the area called Broadway and carve out a dirt strip capable of handling the powered aircraft that would bring the main strike force.

A near catastrophe turned out to be a blessing in disguise on the trip in. Ropes broke on two glidertows, and the sail plane force landed in strategic positions along the flanks of a strong Japanese force. The airmen and ground troops in those gliders fought, slashed, and hacked away at the Japs, all the

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time retreating toward India. Their actions misled Japanese intelligence into thinking they were the primary adversaries in the area; a misconception that kept the enemy diverted from Broadway for eight long days. That was long enough for Wingate's main force to establish a strong foothold in northern Burma.

As the rest of the gliders hit the ground at Broadway, three and one half hours after leaving India, air commandos and Chindits secured the area, immediately clearing the airstrip. Before the week was out, several thousand troops, many hundreds of pack animals, and tons of supplies had been off-loaded at B'way

and Chowringhee. Thanks to the air commandos and the troop carrier command, a fresh division had been placed at the rear of the Jap forces.

Wingate's operations are history now. Other Allied Forces pressing attacks from other fronts drove the Japanese from Burma.

Twenty-five years is only a small drop in the bucket of history. But Cochran's Air Commandos made a big impression then. Their success and knowledge have been handed down to today's 1st Special Operations Wing—a direct descendant of Col. "Flip" Cochran's fighting organization. □



From The Statesman

CALCUTTA—About 10,000 people have been rendered destitute following the looting of private fisheries at Chowbaga and Bamanghata areas in Burdwan district. People are out of employment and a reign of looting and terror is being perpetuated. The police being inadequate in number can hardly cope with 2,000 or sometimes even 4,000 people who come and attack these fisheries.

CALCUTTA—Poorvi is a chhipkali (lizard) catcher. He can rid any house of the nuisance and his services are free. A long stick, a piece of cloth and a bag make the tools of his trade. He uses bugs as bait to bring the lizards out of their hideouts, then with his stick he knocks them off the walls to his cloth spread on the floor to be trapped and put into the bag. Poorvi uses his catch to make a medicated oil which he claims is a cure for gout.

DURGAPUR—An Ambassador car and a motor cycle were burnt to ashes and eight people received injuries as a result of a clash between two groups. According to police, the trouble started before a house where some men were found gambling. The local people objected to it, but the gambling continued. A scuffle followed between the gamblers and others.

JAIPUR—The Urban Improvement Trust has prepared a plan for the development of Jaipur and beautification of its suburbs. Slums in the city would be cleared by allotting plots to slum dwel-

lers at their present sites after developing them. An auditorium accommodating 2,000 people would have a hydraulic stage and could also be used for all-India and international indoor games such as badminton, table tennis and billiards. Steps were also being taken to construct more markets and a large plot of land on Agra road on the outskirts would be turned into a stand for trucks. A 9-foot bronze statue of Mahatma Gandhi on a 20-foot pedestal was to be installed in the round-about outside the university guest house.

CALCUTTA—A 35-year-old man, who had been arrested in connection with a theft of a lorry, allegedly committed suicide by hanging himself in the lock-up at Lalbazar headquarters. His body was found hanging with his neck tied by his dhoti to a bathroom cistern.

JAIPUR—Forty-three people died of food poisoning after they had taken sweets at a community dinner in connection with a funeral ceremony in Palara village of Nagaur district. Two or three hundred others were reported in serious condition. Food served in "funeral feasts" which are banned in Rajasthan, is usually prepared a day or two earlier.

BOMBAY—At least 10 people were killed in house collapses caused by incessant rain in Jalgaon district. Nearly 10,000 people were rendered homeless owing to floods caused by the swollen Girna river.

NEW DELHI—Indian circus artistes—about 2,200 men and women who risk their lives to entertain people—have won an eight-year-old battle for entitlement to insurance benefits. Till now, "dare-devil" artistes could not get themselves insured because of the very hazardous nature of the work, though other circus employees were entitled to the facility.

U.S.S. Monticello

● One of your readers, C. C. Carter of Denver, Colo., asks whatever happened to the troop transport U.S.S. Monticello. The War Shipping Administration turned it over in 1947 to the Italia Line who reconditioned it and returned its old name, S.S. Conte Grande, and put it on Naples-Rio service. In 1960 it was taken out of service by Italia and in December of that year sold to Lloyd Triestino service . . . to the best of my knowledge they still operate the ship on Trieste to North African ports. It's still one of the largest liners plying the Mediterranean. I went to India in July 1943 on its sister ship, Conte Biancamano, then called U.S.S. Hermitage. In 1947 it also was returned to Italia and its original name, and sailed winters Genoa to Rio and summers Genoa to N.Y. until 1960. It then went prematurely to the shipwreckers due to irreparable damage done to its propeller shafts when it was interned in the Canal Zone at the outbreak of the war. The Italians had tried to sink it at the time, but their efforts failed. I was on its second voyage to India from the west coast and there was a constant noticeable thumping throughout that 18,000-mile 43-day voyage, caused by that sabotage attempt. On its third and final voyage to India in November 1943 it broke down at Bara Bara for about a week until temporary repairs could be made. The Conte Grande and Biancamano were 24,000-ton ships, 650 feet long, the silhouette of the latter being always easily recognizable due to its very long open main deck, the superstructure of which was removed when she was converted for troopship use.

JOEL P. BUFFINGTON,
Kenai, Alaska

Monticello Story

● C. C. Carter of Denver (February issue) wonders April 1943, carried reinforcements to Oran on two



OPEN sewage system in village on way to rest camp outside Misamara, India. Photo by Joe Burkard.

former Conte Grande. Here voyages, then sailed from Africa to San Francisco by IV, American Naval Fighting Ships, published by the U.S. Navy Department: "The second Monticello (AP 61) was built in 1928 as Conte Grande by Stabilimento Tecnico, Trieste, Italy; as an Italian flagship, interned in Brazil at the opening of World War II; purchased 16 April 1942 by the United States; commissioned the same day in Brazil, Capt. Morton L. Deyo in command. Monticello sailed north for conversion to a transport at Philadelphia, completed 10 September 1942. She left New York 2 November for the invasion of North Africa, carrying troops for Casablanca. Returning to New York, she sailed again 25 December, carrying men for the various commands of the China-Burma-India Theater to Karachi, by way of the Panama Canal, Australia and Ceylon. The transport returned to New York 24

GEORGE G. PELLINGER,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Mule Pack Troop

● Was with the 31st QM Mule Pack Troop when the campaign ended in Lashio, Burma, in 1945. The 5307 Composite Group, or Merrill's Marauders. Later went to Kunming, China.

R. H. ABNEY,
Slidell, La.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



RACETRACK grandstand at Calcutta was usually filled during the racing season. Photo by Robert H. Abney.

William H. Peifer

• William Houston Peifer of Springfield, Va., a member of the General Joseph W. Stilwell Basha of Washington, D.C., died February 10. A graduate of George Washington University with an M.A. from American University, he served during World War II in the 178th Quartermaster Battalion Mobile and was on the first convoy to China when the road was completed. He was a first lieutenant and served as adjutant. After the war he worked for the Quartermaster General as a historian, and about three years ago transferred to the Department of the Air Force as historian. His wife, Wilodene, survives.

BILLY TODD LAMBERT,
Alexandria, Va.

John F. McGuire

• John F. McGuire, 52, former chairman of the tax forms committee of the Internal Revenue Service in Washington, D.C., died recently at Prince Georges General Hospital. He had been in government service since the 1930's. During World War II he served in the China-Burma-India Theater as a finance officer, and was discharged with the rank of captain. He was also an officer in the D.C. National Guard, completing

20 years of military service. Survivors include his wife and five children.

(From a Washington Sunday Star clipping sent in by Billy Todd Lambert, Alexandria, Va.)

Donald C. Stewart

• Donald C. Stewart, Jr., 47, died March 27, 1969, at Veterans Hospital in Gainesville, Fla. A native of Detroit, Mich., he served with the U.S. Air Force during World War II in North Africa, China, Burma and India. He received the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters, Distinguished Flying Cross and Presidential Citation. He had retired

from General Motors following 28 years of employment. Survivors include his wife, a daughter and two sons.

(From an item in the Ocala, Fla., Star-Banner submitted by C. S. Bechtel, Crystal River, Fla.)

Kwan Heen Ho

• Dr. Kwan Heen Ho, 63, of Honolulu, Hawaii, died recently of cancer. A prominent physician and surgeon, Dr. Ho was one of the first Orientals to achieve the rank of colonel in the U.S. Army. He served as chief surgeon in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II.

(From an article in a Honolulu newspaper submitted by Charles Mondhan, Anacortes, Wash.)

Club Director

• Was with the A.R.C. and was club director at Lamnirat and at Ondal. I have been a subscriber to Ex-CBI Roundup for the past 15 years, and have enjoyed every issue of it.

JIMMIE WHITMAN,
(Mrs. Etsie J. Whitman),
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Enjoys Roundup

• Enjoy reading every issue. Keep up the good work.
SYLVESTER E. PEDERSON,
Eau Claire, Wis.



NARROW gauge engine bound for Darjeeling, India. Photo by Ivo R. Greenwell.



Commander's Message

by

Raymond W.
Kirkpatrick

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams:

Good news. A new Basha. The Colorado Basha is a statewide project. They plan to hold six dinner meetings in various cities each year. Interested CBI'ers please contact Basha Commander Dante J. Barcella, 1430 Kendall Drive, Boulder, Colo. 80305, Vice Commander Arthur B. Johnson, P.O. Box 64, Platteville, Colo. 80651 or Treasurer Mrs. Kay Haisch, 4820 S. Huron St., Englewood, Colo. 80110. Mary and I plan a visit to the new basha at a dinner Sunday afternoon, May 3, 1970, at the Sheraton Airport Inn, Denver, Colo.

On the travel agenda for Mary and myself, Dallas Basha has plans for a dinner party at the Chapparell Room, luncheon at the famed Bonehead Club and an evening barbecue April 23-24. A CBIVA caravan from Dallas to Houston Saturday morning, April 25. Texas State meeting in the afternoon and a cocktail and dinner party that evening hosted by Reggie and Bea Jones for the Houston Basha in the International Room, Shamrock Hilton. Tony Martin, an Ex-CBI Hand, being featured that evening in that room. Sunday brunch at the home of Tom and Nona Lindig for all hands.

Just how does one recover from these dazzling Texas parties? Wise Dr. J. J. Kazar says the only cure in all the world is a stopover in Tchula, Miss. That we will do, and hope to take the good doctor on to Tulsa to the board meeting Saturday, May 2, 1970.

By now, each CBIVA member has probably received the packet mailed out from

Tulsa with nearly complete information on the coming reunion. You can be advised later on registration fees, etc., following their approval at the board meeting. Non-members interested should request a packet from George Norvell, 115 E. 24th Street, Tulsa, Okla. 74114. Digger Runk tells me George Norvell is doing a great job as publicity chairman. All reports out of Tulsa are pleasing to me at such an early date.

The week sponsored by the General George W. Sliney Basha at the Military Terrace, Olivet Memorial Park near San Francisco proved to be an outstanding success. The service honoring seven deceased members of the Basha on Easter Sunday attracted over thirty CBI folks. And many other visitors to the park paused to listen to the tribute and look over the historical CBI flags and patches that were used. Cemetery management stated it was the most interesting service presented to date and they have requested that we return and present another service in the autumn honoring General Joseph Stilwell. All arrangements were made by Harland Henricks, acting as chaplain. Your commander delivered the elegy, to Lee V. Harris and other departed members. They were, Marcus Ogden, Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave, Joseph E. Campbell, Frank S. Dempsey, George W. Sliney and Eugene D. Bennett.

With the approaching Memorial Day I urge you pause even for a few moments for it is a patriotic duty to pay our reverent respects to our departed comrades in arms. It is a matter of honor, for once again we can rededicate ourselves to the services of our country. It is a matter of pride when we pay homage to our National Anthem, our Flag and recite the Pledge of Allegiance. For then, and without reservations, we are acknowledging our heritage, our government and a way of life with its privileges that are surely unique in all the history of mankind. It is a matter of love when we pledge our utmost to see that all Americans shall not forget the care and gratitude which is due our comrades in arms and all veterans in need, the sick and the disabled. May those thoughts be ever present in the minds of all the people of our cherished land.

RAY KIRKPATRICK

**Be Sure to Notify Roundup
When You Change Address.**

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



OBSERVATION post on the wall surrounding a north China village. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

A&M Acting Head

• Maj. Gen. A. R. Luedcke, a Texas A&M University graduate with a varied and brilliant career, has been named acting president of the university and the Texas A&M System. A 1932 graduate, he entered the Army in 1932 as a field artillery officer but transferred to the Air Force a year later. He was assistant chief of the air staff for the CBI Theater in 1943, and was promoted to brigadier general at the age of 34. He advanced to air planner with the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1946 and was director of the Atomic Energy Commission military liaison committee in 1949. In 1951, he was promoted to deputy chief of the armed forces special weapons project and became chief three years later. He served as joint Task Force 7 commander in charge of nuclear tests series "Hardtack" on Eniwetok and Johnson Islands. After his retirement from the Air Force in 1958, he served almost six years as the general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission and three years as deputy director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at California Institute of Technology. He returned to Texas A&M in 1968 as an associate dean of engineering and coordinator of engineering research, and last year became associate director of the university's Texas En-

gineering Experiment Station.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by Robert E. Nesmith, Houston, Tex.)

Charles Akerberg

• Charles G. Akerberg, 46, of McKeesport, Pa., was one of four persons killed in a two-car collision March 14, 1970. He was en route home from an ice fishing trip with two friends when another car crossed into their lane and hit their vehicle head-on. An Ex-CBI Round-up subscriber for many years, he served in the 882nd Ordnance Heavy Automotive Maintenance Company in India from 1943 to 1946. At the time of his death he was a lieutenant in the plant protection department of the National plant, U.S. Steel Corp. Survivors include his wife, Virginia Edmundson Akerberg, and two sons.

(From a newspaper clipping and other information submitted by Mrs. Virginia Akerberg, McKeesport, Pa.)

Illinois Get-Together

• Plans are being made for a get-together of CBers in this area, to be held Saturday evening, May 23, at "Wings" in Rantoul, Ill., near Chanute Air Force Base. It will begin about 5 p.m. and cost about \$3.50 per person. Anyone who lives near here and would like to come, let us know as plenty of space is available for everyone. Wives are asked to come, too. Those interested may contact me at 103 W. Michigan, Urbana, Ill.

ROBERT L. GORDON,
Urbana, Ill.

D. Arno Hill

• Dietrich Arno Hill, 55, a professor at the University of Illinois, died February 16, 1970, at Santa Monica, Calif., and was buried February 16 at Urbana, Ill. He served during World War II with a signal company at the Bengal Air Depot, Calcutta, India.

ROBERT L. GORDON,
Urbana, Ill.

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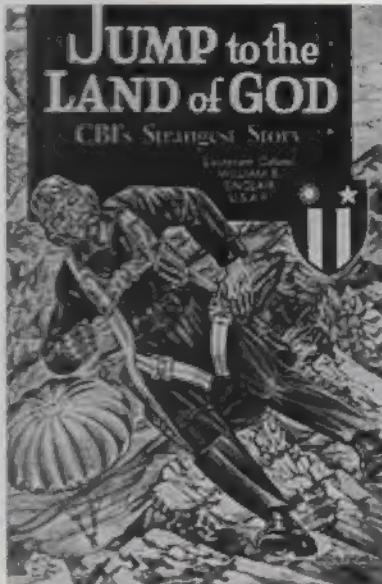
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Boyd Sinclair is well known to Ex-CBI Roundup readers . . . for many years he edited the Book Review section in this magazine. He is a former editor of the original CBI Roundup and also was with the 12th Air Service Group, 14th Air Force.

Regular price of this book is \$6.95 . . . we've been able to purchase a limited number of copies which we will sell at \$3.47 plus 53c for packaging and mailing. Order your copy today!

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